

Paul and Virginia

Musical Entertainment
in two acts

1801

By

JAMES COBB
1756. 1813

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PAUL AND VIRGINIA;

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.



AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal,

LONDON AND DUBLIN.



Dublin:

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FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PAUL,
CAPTAIN TROPIC,
DIEGO,
ANTONIO,
DOMINIQUE,
ALAMBRA,
OFFICERS, &c.

WOMEN.

VIRGINIA,
JACINTHA,
MARY.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Wood and Cottage.*

Enter PAUL.

AIR.

See, from the ocean, rising,
Bright flames the orb of day;
Yon grove's gay songs shall slumbers
From Virginia chace away.

VIRGINIA appears at the Cottage window.

DUET.

Virginia. Tho' from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day,
Alas! the hour of meeting
Awhile we must delay,
Yet awhile retiring—hence away—

Paul. My absence if desiring—I obey.

[*Virginia disappears from the window.*]

Paul. When will the tedious hour arrive destined to explain
my doom.

Enter JACINTHA from the Cottage.

Jac. Paul, Paul!

Paul. Well, Jacintha, what tidings?

Jac. Virginia requests you to depart for the present.
Dominique will be punctual to the appointed hour; but it is
not yet arrived. Pray, retire. See the young women and
the children of the island approach, to offer congratulations
to Virginia on her birth-day. [Exit. Paul.]

*Enter MARY and several young Women with garlands of
flowers, JACINTHA joins them in the following*

CHORUS.

Haste my companions, here to pay
Our debt of gratitude to worth,
With song and dance to hail the day,
That gave the fair Virginia birth.

Sweet flowrets, while you shed perfume,
 And while each wreath her goodness tells;
 Here like her cheeks, where roses bloom,
 Shall beauty mark where virtue dwells.

Enter DIEGO.

Diego. Hey-day! what numming is here? What fool's holiday is this?

Mary. Fool's holiday, indeed! it ought to be a holiday throughout the island. It is the birth-day of Virginia—the amiable, the excellent Virginia! Every heart acknowledges her goodness, every tongue proclaims it!

Diego. Aye, I have heard of her, tho' I have never seen her.

Women. Then you must have heard that deeds of charity are her delight.

Diego. Charity, indeed! ha! ha! ha! an orphan poor and friendless to boast of charity!

Women. You may deem her poor, because she subsists on the gain of her modesty; but friendless she can never be while gratitude lives in the hearts of all around her.

Diego. But if the girl has no money, whence comes her charity?

Mary. From a rich treasury—her own beneficent heart. Her kindness smoothes the brow of age, and enlightens the burthen of calamity.—Her example encourages every one to be content with their own lot.

Diego. Well, I shall be soon better acquainted with her; for I must search her dwelling.

Mary. Search the cottage of Virginia?

Diego. Yes, for a runaway slave, named Alambra, a young rogue who belonged to my master, the English planter, Captain Tropic.

Mary. Oh, do not let a rude footstep intrude on the abode of innocence.

Diego. And so you repay your obligation with a few trumpery flowers—a cheap way of shewing your gratitude! ha! ha! ha!—I will go in.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Women. Bold intruder, hence away,
 Let no rude act profane this day!
 'Tis Virginia's natal day.

Diego. Hence, ye idle pack, away,
 Instead of hard and healthy labour,
 Jigging to the pipe and tabor,
 Serenading—masquerading,—
 Go home, go home, and work, I say.

Women. Against decorum—'tis a sin—

Diego. Let me pass—I will go in.

Women. With these flowery wreaths to-day
Our debts of gratitude we pay ;
Your flinty heart can nothing feel—

Diego. You pay your debts with what you steal.

Enter DOMINIQUE from the House.

Dom. Ah, my pretty lasses, here ye are; come according to annual custom, to congratulate my dear young mistress on her birth-day. You all look remarkably handsome this morning—but I don't wonder at it. Beauty shines with redoubled lustre when lighted up by a kind and benevolent heart. I must salute you all around—I promised to do so last year—it is our duty to perform a promise, and I always endeavour to do my duty.—(*salutes the Women.*) And see, Virginia appears at the window to invite her kind visitors.

[*Virginia opens a window, and makes signs to the Women to enter the Cottage; they go in, and Diego is following them, when Dominique stops him.*]

Dom. Whither are you going, friend?

Diego. Into that house.

Dom. Upon whose invitation?

Diego. I am in search of a slave who has run away from my master, and who may, perhaps, be concealed there.

Dom. That cottage belongs to Virginia—her character should silence your suspicions. Be assured the slave you seek is not there.

Diego. Stand aside and let me pass.

Dom. Look-ye friend, I am naturally a merry fellow, and tolerably good-natured, but if you persist, I must knock you down, I must indeed; I must do my duty.

Diego. Your duty!

Dom. Yes, Virginia has no parents, no relations to protect her,—I lived as a servant with Virginia's father when she was born. He died when she was an infant. Her mother, when she was on her death-bed bequeathed, this her only daughter to my protection. And I will protect her while this arm can do its duty.

Diego. So you mean to strike me?

Dom. Not I, indeed, except you oblige me to do so. My hand at any time would rather greet a friend than conquer an enemy. As I told you before, I am naturally a merry fellow—a song or dance will make me skip as if my nerves were fiddle-strings.—My heels are light, for my heart is light, 'tis not encumbered with a bad conscience; and when I lay

my hand on it, and say I have always endeavoured to do my duty—it won't contradict me.

Diego. Ha! ha! ha! Virginia is fortunate in having such a slave.

Dom. A slave? No, no, I am indeed her servant; nay, I will be bold enough to say her friend—but I am no slave, for I have British blood in my veins.

Diego. Indeed!

Dom. Yes, I am told my father was an English sailor;—who being above vulgar prejudices, admired a black beauty. I was born in this island, and the sun gave a gentle tinge to my complexion to mark me as a favorite; so good morning to you. [Exit Diego.]

Dom. The wole island, blacks and whites will rejoice in the happiness of the lovers—every Negro as he passes them will shew his white teeth, and nod in salutation, Ackee O, Ackee O; aye, and the negroes will remember them in their songs when they dance by moonlight like so many black fairies.

SONG.

When the moon shines o'er the deep,
 Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
 And whisker'd Dons are fast asleep,
 Snoring, fast asleep,
 From their huts the negroes run,
 Ackee-O—Ackee O—
 Full of frolic, full of fun,
 Holiday to keep.
 Till morn they dance the merry round,
 To the fife and cymbal.
 See, so brisk,
 How they frisk,
 Airy, gay, and nimble!
 With gestures antic,
 Joyous, frantic,
 They dance the merry round,
 Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
 To the cymbal's sound.
 Black lad whispers to black lass,
 Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
 Glances sly between them pass,
 Of beating hearts to tell.
 Tho' no blush can paint her cheek,
 Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
 Still her eyes the language speak
 Of passion, quite as well.
 Till morn, &c.

Enter PAUL.

Paul. Well, Dominique here I am, all curiosity, all expectation. You know I am yet ignorant of Virginia's history and my own. You have promised to satisfy my curiosity.

Dom. Now it becomes my duty. Know then, that Virginia's mother was of a noble family in Spain.

Mary. (from the Cottage.) Dominique! (*Enters.*)

Dom. Unlucky! there is my wife; she knows the story by this time, and envies me the pleasure of telling it. (*to Mary.*) Leave us to ourselves, but one minute, I intreat you.

Paul. Oh! Dominique, my anxiety—

Dom. Shall be gratified. Virginia's mother was, as I told you, of a noble family in Spain, who cast her off from their protection on her marrying my master, a young merchant of inferior birth. Deserted by their friends, he retired to a small plantation in this island—but one misfortune succeeded another, and he soon died of a broken heart, leaving his wife and infant in poverty and distress.

Paul. Without a protector, without a friend!

Dom. Without a friend! no, young man, I hope I knew my duty better.

Paul. Forgive my impatience, I was in the wrong.

Mary. (Coming forward.) Not at all in the wrong; who can keep their patience to hear him talk so slow?

Dom. That is a reproach, Mary, which I cannot retort upon you. Paul, hitherto you have believed Virginia to be your sister—but she is not your sister.

Paul. Indeed! were not Virginia's parents mine?

Dom. and Mary. No.

Paul. To whom then do I owe my birth?

Mary. To poor Margaret.

Dom. Who was a faithful domestic to my mistress.

Mary. And passed for your nurse.

Dom. (to Mary.) Now your story is at an end—you know no more.

Paul. And my father.

Dom. Really I cannot tell who he was, for I never heard myself; but console yourself, if your ignorance in that respect is a misfortune, you are not single in it.

Mary. (to Dom.) And now your story is at an end.

Dom. Not yet.

Paul. Virginia no longer my sister! A thousand emotions rise in my bosom—but why was the secret of my birth kept for fifteen years, and why disclosed on this day?

Dom. (to Mary.) You can't answer that—I can.—You must know that my poor mistress on her death-bed conjured me to sanction the deceit until Virginia should attain her fifteenth year.

Mary. Well, and she is fifteen this day.

Dom. If at that period no news from her family in Spain should arrive.

Mary. And no news from Spain is arrived.

Dom. I was at liberty to explain the secret of your birth, and to add the blessing of Virginia's mother to your union.

Paul. Kind Dominique!—invaluable friend!—let me fly to Virginia.

Dom. I have already acquainted her with the whole story. *The door of Virginia's Cottage opens; the young Women come forth with Virginia; Dominique and Mary go off with them, while Virginia and Paul come forward.]*

Paul. Why that averted look, my dear Virginia, do you not share in my joy, my transport at this discovery?

Vir. Indeed I do; my affection for you commenced with my life, and can only end with it—the first word my infant lips pronounced, was your beloved name—and when my eyes opened to the light of heaven, my heart opened to love.

Paul. Oh! Virginia, my happiness seems too great to be real.

SONG.

Vast is the swelling tide of joy,
Too mighty bliss abounding!
Do not ye powers, with sweets destroy—
Each yielding sense confounding.
Thus, from the dungeon's gloom restor'd,
The captive courts the sudden light;
Shrinks from the blessing he ador'd,
And hides in shades his dazzled sight.

Enter ALAMBRA from behind the Cottage.

Alam. Pity, pity the miserable Alambra! Oh! compassionate a wretched creature forced by ill-usage to escape from a neighbouring plantation.

Paul. How! a runaway negro!

Alam. For several days the neighbouring forest has sheltered me from my pursuers; but, alas! I dared not venture from my hiding-place to implore charity, 'till famine rendered me desperate—I faint with hunger.—

Paul. Poor wretch! thou hast indeed suffered for thy errors.

Vir. We must forget his errors in his misery. Let us thank Heaven, my dear Paul, for having again afforded us the satisfaction of relieving a fellow-creature in distress.

Paul. Unfortunate victim of avarice! Alas! you know the strict laws of this island will not allow us to afford you shelter in our abode. What misfortune tempted you to the rashness of deserting your master's service.

Alam. Oppression, cruel oppression! not exerted on my own person, but on my helpless sister. Our parents died on board the ship which tore us from our native country; we were left helpless and deserted orphans.

Vir. Paul, do you mark this? We are orphans and know how to pity.

Alam. I thought myself too happy that our lot was to serve the same master. We were purchased for a planter named Tropic.

Paul. His principal servant Diego was in search of you this morning.

Alam. It is of his cruel servant I complain. For some time my strength and activity enabled me not only to perform my own task with cheerfulness, but to assist in that portion of labour allotted to my sister. This was discovered by Diego, and he chastised me with stripes.

Vir. How wretched must be the reflections of that bad man.

Alam. I bore my punishment with fortitude; but the next hour, alas! hearts like yours will scarcely give credit to the tale; the next hour I saw my poor sister sink under the lash of my tormentor. Madness seized my brain. I struck the cruel Diego to the ground.

Paul. Heaven stamped that energy in your heart, which raised your avenging arm.

Vir. (to *Paul*) Cannot we intercede with this poor slave's master to forgive him? What, though he may be a man of high rank, and we cannot speak to him eloquently, surely no eloquence is required to plead the cause of nature.

Paul. Virginia, we feel the impulse of a guardian power—let us obey it.

Alam. (falling on his knees.) He who planted mercy in your breasts will thank you for me.

Paul. Take some refreshment in this cottage, and then lead the way to your plantation.

Alam. Across that mountain lies our path; it is rugged and difficult.

Vir. Fear not for me. Sure endeavours to relieve this poor slave will be our best acknowledgment of the debt we owe to Heaven. [Exit into the Cottage, all but *Jacintha*.

Jac. Innocent and happy pair; love reigns in their hearts, and prepares them to enjoy every blessing around them.

SONG.

Glorious the ray glancing over the ocean,
That bids hill and valley display each gay hue;
Graceful the orange-grove waves in slow motion,
With joy, as it hails the fresh morning in view.

Yet vainly her beauties shall nature impart,
 But for Love's cheering sunshine that reigns in the heart,
 All is delight if kind love lend his aid ;
 And all is despair, if fond hopes are betray'd.
 Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
 Or murmers at eve with the nightingale's song :
 Bright is the moon-beam, the streamlet adorning,
 While o'er the smooth pebbles it wanders along.
 Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Tropic's House.*

TROPIC and DIEGO.

Diego. Well, sir, you are master, to be sure, and must be obeyed ; but still I say you are wrong, very wrong.

Tropic. What ! havn't I authority over my own plantation ? Havn't I absolute power over my slaves ? Yes, I have ; and I chuse to shew that power by rendering them as happy as I can. It is a fancy of mine, and no one shall controul me in it.

Diego. And so they are to have another holiday ?

Tropic. Yes, and a proper allowance of grog to make them happy ; I love grog myself, it often makes me happy.

Diego. Ah ! sir, the plantation was differently managed before you had it. But really I am sorry to say, you Englishmen do not understand how to deal with slaves ; your own country affords you no practice that way.

Tropic. No, Diego, it is the boast of Britons, that from the moment a slave imprints his footstep on our shore, the moment he breathes the air of the land of freedom he becomes free !

Diego. Aye, there's the pity ; so that makes you spoil your slaves here in the West Indies.

Tropic. No, I do not spoil them.

Diego. You consider them—

Tropic. As men. And I will say, for the credit of mankind, whether black or white, I have seldom found a heart so perverse as to be insensible of the treatment of humanity and kindness ; but your discipline is so rigid, Diego, I am not satisfied as to the story of Alambra.

Diego. Alambra is an impudent good for nothing rogue.

Tropic. Well, well, but—

Diego. And a runaway, a deserter, cloped from your service.

Tropic. A deserter ! true, so he is ; he ought to be punished.

Diego. And shall if I catch him; he ran away because he would not work.

Tropic. That's bad; every one who eats his allowance ought to work for it. I am an old seaman; and I hate a sculker. Mankind are brother sailors through the voyage of life,—'tis our duty to assist each other: 'tis true we have different stations; some on the quarter deck, and others before the mast; or else how could the vessel sail? But the cause of society is a common cause, and he that won't lend a hand to keep the vessel in a sailing trim—heave him overboard to the sharks, I say.

Diego. You are a true sailor i'faith.

Tropic. Yes, my native country is my ship, and I am proud to call her Great Britain—Long may she ride like a peerless first-rate, the queen of the ocean, with a gallant crew and a beloved commander.

SONG.

Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true
We quarrel--make a rout;
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out.
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands--we soon are friends,
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defend.

SCENE III.—*The outside of Tropic's House, with a view of a Sugar Plantation. Some Slaves appear to have just left work.*

Enter PAUL, VIRGINIA, and ALAMBRA.

Alam. At length we are arrived at my master Tropic's plantation; and see, my young friends, there he is at a distance. Now, kind Virginia, plead for me.

Vir. I will if—if—I can find spirits to perform the task ; but my courage fails me just when I most want it.

Alam. Oh ! do not forsake me in this extremity. Retire a moment and collect yourself.

[*They retire. Paul likewise retires and converses with some of the slaves.*]

Enter TROPIC and DIEGO

Diego. There, sir, I told you so ; now your own eyes will convince you. There is Alambra, who has the assurance to come into your presence with some vagabond companions.

Tropic. Bring him hither.

[*Diego going to seize Alambra.*]

Alam. Oh spare me !

[*Paul rushes forward and draws his sword to defend Alambra against Diego, who desists.*]

Tropic. Bold youth. what means this presumption ?

AIR.—*Paul.*

Boldly I come, to plead the cause
Of nature and of truth :
Oh ! let your heart own nature's laws,
Redress this injur'd youth.

Diego. Don't credit what they say. Don't listen to that girl ; she'll make you believe any thing she pleases.

Tropic. I am resolute.

Diego. I wish you would turn your eyes this way. You should not trust yourself even to look upon Virginia.

Tropic. Is this Virginia ?

AIR.—*Virginia.*

Ah ! cou'd my fault'ring tongue impart
The tale of woe that wounds my heart,
Then in vain I should not crave
Your pity for a wretched slave.

The injur'd ne'er in vain addresst,
In plaints of woe a Briton's breast ;
Compassion ever marks the brave !
Oh ! pity then, your wretched slave.

Ah ! cou'd, &c.

[*During the Air. Tropic converses with Paul. Diego watches his countenance anxiously. Tropic looks fiercely at Diego. When Virginia has finished her Song, she goes to Alambra, who is kneeling, and takes him by the hand.*]

Tropic. Alambra you have been wronged; but you shall have ample justice. Diego!

Paul. (to *Tropic.*) Mark his countenance; how timid is guilt. [Diego sneaks off.]

Tropic. The knave shall answer for this. What do I owe to you, children of truth. Simple nature spoke forcibly to your hearts. Distress of a fellow-creature was a claim too powerful to be resisted. Regardless of every personal danger, you boldly preferred a complaint against a wretch at whose power of revenge you might have trembled. And I; I who had been made an innocent accomplice of this man's guilt, might have still wandered in the paths of oppression and injustice, had I not been rescued by the courageous virtue of these poor children.

CHORUS OF NEGROES.

Oh! blest for ever be this day,
When Charity asserts her sway;
When Beauty, generous as fair,
Deems not the slave beneath her care;
And bids the beams of mercy smile
Upon the suffering sons of toil!

[*The Slaves, who from the moment Alambra was pardoned, have testified their joy and gratitude, have now prepared a chair composed of bamboos and branches of trees, in which they seat Virginia, and carry her on their shoulders.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in VIRGINIA'S Cottage.

DOMINIQUE and ALAMBRA.

Alam. Paul and Virginia bade me say, that in a few hours you will see them. My master, the English planter, overwhelms them with kindness, and insists upon escorting them part of the way home.

Dom. Hark, what noise is that? (*A firing of guns heard. He goes out and returns.*) A ship is arrived, and from Spain,

(*looking out.*) A sailor come on shore with letters. We may have some news.

Enter a Sailor.

Welcome on shore, my lad; any letter for Virginia?

Sail. Virginia? No.

Dom. Well, they are not much to be expected. As for Paul, I imagine there can be none for him.

Sail. No.

Dom. He is as much unknown in Europe as I am.

Sail. But here's a letter for one Dom—Domini—

Dom. For whom?

Alam. Dominique?

Sail. Aye, Dominique. Perhaps you are the man.

Dom. I am the man. (*Takes letter. Exit Sailor.*) But a letter for me! Who would write to me?—I am unknown in Europe—I know nobody—nobody knows me. (*Reads the Superscription*) Addressed to the faithful Dominique—(*Opens letter.*) From Donna Leonora Guzman, Virginia's aunt,—(*Reads.*) “Faithful Dominique, your character for honesty and fidelity are not unknown to me. Tell Virginia that I acknowledge her as my niece; that the errors of her family are forgotten, and that she is sole heiress of my wealth.”

Alam. Virginia rich! How many people she will make happy.

Dom. Do I dream? Do I really read this under the hand of Donna Leonora?

Alam. O, don't talk, but read the letter.

Dom. Aye, here is a postscript sure enough. (*Reads.*) “Prepare Virginia to receive this sudden good news, and to receive Don Antonio de Guardes, my particular friend, who comes a passenger in this ship. He will deliver my letters to my niece, and explain the whole of my favourable intentions towards her.”

Alam. Oh, joy! Oh, delight! Happy will Paul and Virginia be.

Dom. See, they are bringing presents for her. I suppose the Don will be here himself soon.

Alam. I'll run back to Virginia immediately, and tell her—

Dom. What will you tell her?

Alam. Why, that there is fine news arrived—and a fine gentleman is arrived—and has brought fine presents—and—

Dom. Take care you don't blunder in the business. In the first place, you give Virginia this letter; now mind my instructions, and tell her—

15
DUET.

Dom. Don Antonio's come,
Just arriv'd from Spain;
And soon, in a devil of a hurry, it shou'd seem,
Will he go home again.

Alam. What pleasure! what delight!
To see this charming sight!
Fal, lal, de ral.

Such gold and jewels bright!

Dom. Why the plague won't you learn your lesson;
Now attend to what I say—

Alam. All the rest leave me to guess on;
Give me the letter, pray.

Dom. { Listen to me, pray—

Alam. { No more you need to say.

Dom. { Hear but what I say—

Alam. { Adieu, I must away.

Alam. Come, good Dominique,
I'll now Virginia seek,
The letter give, and your commands I will re-
ceive,

I'm all attention—speak.

Dom. I know my time to talk,
That's over—you may walk;
And so, with your fal, de ral,
You now may go your way.

Alam. Will you then withhold the letter?
Come, now—good, now—don't refuse.

Dom. On second thoughts, I think I'd better
Tell her myself the news.

Alam. { Listen to me, pray—

Dom. { You now may go your way,
With your fal, lal.

Alam. Adieu! I must away—

Dom. Hear but what I say.

[In course of the Duet Alambra snatches the letter and exit.]

Enter DON ANTONIO.

Dom. This must be Don Antonio.

Ant. Sebastian, send my message to the Governor. 'I must pay my respects to him immediately, or not at all.—I shall be on board to-morrow morning.

Dom. (*aside.*) On board to-morrow morning.

Ant. On my arrival here to-day, I find a ship bound for Spain to-morrow, and, as I hate to lose time, I shall take the opportunity of returning—Virginia can have no objection—She will be overjoyed at going to Spain.

Dom. My lord, did I hear you aright? Virginia to go to Spain?

Ant. Yes, to be sure—Virginia returns to Spain with me, who am her lover to-day, and her husband to-morrow, as her aunt's letter will explain to her.

Dom. Don Antonio, what you propose is impossible.

Ant. Aye, aye, why so?

Dom. Virginia's affections are engaged to another.

Ant. Another. ha, ha, ha! You are a person of interest in this family, and I must purchase your friendship.

Dom. It is not to be bought in such a cause as your's.

Ant. Insolent slave!

Dom. You will permit me to withdraw?

Ant. No.

Dom. You insult an inferior. I am sorry you do not remember what is due to your station—were I equally forgetful of mine.—

Ant. And this impertinence you mistake for independence of mind.

Dom. I hope I do not mistake it. He who is idle or dissipated must ever be dependent; for his folly renders him the slave of others. Independence is not confined to any situation; it is the reward granted by Heaven to industry and frugality.

Ant. 'Sdeath, am I to be braved thus. (*Offers to strike him.*)

Dom. Hold, my lord; beware of a blow. All distinctions of rank and station sink before a blow. Remember it is an appeal to manhood, that would at once proclaim us to be equals. My sinews are strengthened by toil; and altho' I wish to decline the contest, believe me I do not fear it. [*Exit.*]

Seb. My lord, your impatience will ruin every thing. Dominique will apprise the lovers of your intentions, and you will have to dare all the fury of a jealous rival.

Ant. Be it so, I cannot stoop to dissemble.

Seb. Nor is it necessary. You shall dissemble by deputy—I will take that task upon myself, and will persuade Dominique that all you have said was to prove his fidelity; and that your errand to this island is to unite Paul and Virginia, with the consent of her aunt, Donna Leonora.

Ant. But to what purpose loose all this time?

Seb. To lull suspicion to sleep, and to enable you to carry off Virginia this night.

Ant. My dear Sebastian!

Seb. The Governor has sent an answer to your message, and is now expecting you.

Ant. Well?

Seb. Let the Governor see the letters written to Virginia by her aunt, they will shew your authority for carrying her to Spain.

Ant. I have letters here.

Seb. And request assistance from the Governor; guards to convey her on board of ship, and to secure Paul from obstructing our scheme.

Ant. Admirably planned.

Seb. Then leave me to manage our friend Dominique.

Ant. While I obtain an audience of the Governor. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A pleasant Country, with Tropic's Plantation.*

Enter PAUL, JACINTHA, ALAMBRA, and VIRGINIA, who is supported in a seat on the shoulders of the Negroes as before. The Negroes place the seat on the ground, while ALAMBRA, in dumb shew, seems to explain to PAUL and VIRGINIA the news, &c. of ANTONIO's arrival. A dance of Negroes.

Paul. Thanks to my generous friends. [*Exit Negroes.*

Vir. Return to my cottage, Alambra, and let the best of our simple fare be prepared to greet this noble stranger.

[*Exit Alambra.*

Paul. And is the wealthy Virginia still resolved to unite herself with a lover so poor, so humble?

Vir. Can Paul venture to offend Virginia with such a question?

Jac. Reserve your love speeches for some other situation. The echoes hereabouts are very communicative, and may perhaps tell more than you intend shall be known.

TRIO.—*Paul, Virginia, and Jacintha.*

When tell-tale echoes whisper around,

The lover with prudence arming,

Then timid love retires from the sound,

Each whisper his caution alarming:

But when a lover echoes your sigh!

That's not amiss, if no stranger is nigh!

The sweet response of love—the sigh!

Oh! that is the echo most charming!

The sweet response I love! &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in VIRGINIA'S Cottage.*

DOMINIQUE and SEBASTIAN.

Dom. Why, you don't say so?*Seb.* I assure you of the fact. My master, Don Antonio, was resolved to try whether you merited the character given you by Donna Leonora.*Dom.* And he did try me pretty effectually, to be sure.*Seb.* He admires your strength of mind:*Dom.* I'faith he had very nearly experienced my strength of body; for never in my life did I find my hands so inclined to mutiny—Oh, my dear Paul,—(*Enter Paul.*)—let me never hear that fortune is blind; if she was so formerly, she has recovered her sight at last, and rewarded virtue.*Paul.* My faithful Dominique. [*Exit Dom.*]

SONG.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
 That fortune can never abate;
 To wealth and to splendor tho' often denied,
 Yet on poverty deigns to await.

That blessing, ye powers, still be it my lot,
 The choicest of gifts from above;
 Deep fix'd in my heart, shall be never forgot,
 That the wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine?
 By poverty never distress'd;
 Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine,
 A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.

That blessing, &c.

*Enter ANTONIO. PAUL brings in VIRGINIA and JACINTHA.**Vir.* My lord, I do not apologise for this humble abode, peace and virtue have dwelt here, and, by superior minds like yours, honoured will be the roof that has given shelter to such guests.*Ant.* Charming Virginia! how would Donna Leonora be delighted in beholding you add grace to the ornaments which her fondness presents to you.*Vir.* Ah, my lord, how shall I express my gratitude for her affection. In this cottage, fifteen years ago, my exiled mother gave me birth. In this cottage to day you announce to me, the parental fondness, the cherished blessings, of a second mother.

Ant. This girl is an angel!

Seb. (*aside to Antonio.*) Granted. But it may not be convenient to inform Paul, that you think her so.

Ant. (*aside to Sebastian.*) I have seen the Governor, and shewn him Donna Leonora's letters; he consents to my plan, and I expect a guard presently to enforce his orders in consequence.

Vir. Aid me, my dear Paul, to express all the thanks we ought to offer.

Ant. Virginia, you have not yet told me the whole of your history.

Vir. Ah, my lord, our history is soon told; happiness in humble life, offers but few circumstances to claim attention.

TRIO.—*Paul, Virginia, and Alambra.*

Paul } Lowly, humble was our lot,
and } Fortune's frowns seem'd endless,
Vir. } Yet, by kind Heaven, are ne'er forgot
 Orphans poor and friendless.
 Hope, from the skies descending,
 Still her blest influence lending,
 Labour o'er, we dance and play;
 Hearts free from guile are ever gay!

Chorus. Hearts free, &c.

Alam. Lowly humble tho' your lot,
 Goodness in you was endless;
 Ne'er shall that goodness be forgot,
 I too was poor and friendless.
 Oh! may, from Heaven descending,
 Hope her blest influence lending,
 Crown with joy each happy day;
 Hearts free from guile are ever gay!

Chorus. Hearts free, &c.

Paul } Blissful tho' our future lot,
and } Fortune's smiles, tho' endless,
Vir. } Amidst our joys shall ne'er be forgot
 We once were poor and friendless.
 Humble content most prizing,
 Our joys tho' the proud are despising,
 Still this truth we may display,
 Hearts free from guile are ever gay!

Chorus. Hearts free, &c.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Don Antonio de Guardes?

Ant. The same, good Signor.

Off. An order from the Governor. *[Gives a Paper.]*

Ant. The Governor's order shall be obeyed—we are all ready. *(Exit Officer.)* Virginia, thus far I have listened to your story—now, in your turn, attend. It is reserved for me to complete your eventful drama,

Paul. What means Antonio?

Ant. Hark! my actors approach. *[March is heard.]*

QUARTETTO and CHORUS.

Paul. What sounds strike my ear!

Jac. The guard are passing by.

Dom. But why approach so near?

Alam. The truth let me descry. *[Exit.]*

[The March still continues to be heard, Alambra re-enters in consternation. The Governor's guards then enter, commanded by an Officer, who speaks aside to Don Antonio.]

Ant. Come, sir, dispatch,—your order see obey'd:

Off. 'Tis from the Governor.

Paul. Thus meanly betray'd,
His name by this order you degrade:
Stand forth, base deceiver, and say,
Of what are we accus'd, our crime display.

*Ant. Off. }
and Cho. } Be silent—the order you must obey.
of guar. }*

*Paul & Vir. { Our }
The Rest. { Their } crime display.*

Chorus. The order of the Governor you must obey.

[The guards carry off Virginia and Paul on opposite sides. The March is heard as they retire.]

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the Cottage.

Enter MARY, meeting DOMINIQUE.

Mary. Oh! Dominique, this is a miserable hour.

Dom. (*much agitated*) Yes, it isn't an hour of the happiest sort, to be sure.

Mary. That wicked Don Antonio!

Dom. Antonio! Curses on his name! but children vent their complaints in scolding; it is for men to bear misfortunes.

Mary. Where is Virginia?

Dom. Carried on board a ship.

Mary. And where is Paul?

Dom. By this time he is no longer a prisoner.

Mary. Who obtained his release?

Dom. Why, the gallant Englishman, whom Paul visited to-day; that man has indeed a heart in his bosom.

Mary. See, Dominique; here he is.

Enter Tropic.

Oh, Sir! you surely bring us good news.

Tropic. I wish it were so.

Dom. Why, then for bad news. Let us hear it, sir—I can bear it.

Tropic. I had explained to the Governor the injustice which he had been betrayed into by the artifice of Don Antonio.—

Dom. And the Governor ordered Paul to be released.

Tropic. Yes; and indignant at Don Antonio's conduct, he directed the ship to be detained, and Virginia to be brought before him.

Dom. Then Virginia is on shore?

Tropic. No; before the Governor's order could reach the port, the ship was under sail, and Virginia a prisoner on board.

Mary. Then Virginia is lost to us for ever. (*Weeping.*)

Dom. Be silent, be silent—tears do no good. (*Turns aside and weeps.*)

Tropic. Already had we made signals from the lighthouse for the vessel to put back——

Dom. Aye—and——

Tropic. And the signals were obeyed. With joy I saw the ship returning towards the harbour, when——

Dom. What, sir?—what?—speak out—never mind, sir,—we'll bear misfortune—'tis our duty.

Tropic. The elements fight against us!—Suddenly there arose one of those hurricanes which are the scourge of our climate. (*Wind.*) Hark, how the tempest howls

Dom. (*with anxiety.*) But the ship had gained the harbour.

Tropic. Alas! no. I fear she is in a perilous situation, I immediately dispatched Alambra to the shore: he knows the coast perfectly. His long stay forebodes no good news.

Dom. Here is Alambra.

Enter ALAMBRA.

What news of the ship?

Alam. In the greatest danger—firing guns and making signals of distress, which are answered from the shore, but I fear to little purpose.

Tropic. Has she weathered the reef of rocks?

Alam. No: there will be her ruin.

Mary. Can no assistance be rendered to them.

Alam. The swell of the sea is tremendous. No boat can venture to leave the shore.

Tropic. Indeed! We'll now have one trial, however, I think I know two or three good fellows who will take their chance to sink or swim in the cause of humanity; and to the extent of my purse they shall claim their reward.

[*Exit.*

Alam. Come, Dominique, let us endeavour to render assistance, altho' I have little hope.

Dom. Don't despair, the weather is improving. (*Wind.*)

Alam. Improving! why, the wind is louder.

Dom. Aye, just at this moment; but it will be lower presently; and see, the sky is lighter.

Alam. Yes, because the flashes of light'ning are incessant.

Dom. Well—but I hear no thunder.

Alam. That is because the wind is so high.

Dom. Not merely so.—I am confident the weather is growing better. I have not heard the thunder these five minutes. (*A violent peal of thunder.*)

[*Exit Alambra and Dominique,*

SCENE V.—*A rocky Coast; the Sea violently agitated. Thunder and Lightning at intervals. A number of Soldiers, Sailors, and Negroes come on Shore, some of whom hold Lights from the end of long Poles, while others seem preparing a Boat to put to Sea. MARY and the Women express, by their gestures, their sorrow at VIRGINIA's fate. TROPIC gives directions to several persons on the Shore.*

Chorus. Hour of terror, scene of wo
Lost Virginia! hapless maid
Fate, avert th' impending blow;
Powers of mercy, lend your aid!

[*The Ship comes in sight, and runs on a Rock stern foremost.*]

Tropic. From yonder cliff let signal fires ascend,
Once more, my gallant hearts, your efforts lend.

[Some Sailors get into a Boat and shove her off.]

Chorus. Save the helpless maid!

[Ship appears on fire.]

Jacintha. Behold! who is yonder,
How wild is his air;
If hither he wander,
Ah! sooth his despair.

Chorus. How wild his despair!

Enter PAUL.

Paul. Then is she lost! 'tis madness all!
Amid the gloom,
Virginia! on thee I call!
Thee I come to save, or share thy doom.

[Paul breaks from the Women, who endeavour to detain him, runs up the Cliff, and disappears.]

Alam. Of winds and waves I'll brave the strife
'Tis honour calls, fearless I go,
What, tho' I risk my ransom'd life,
The debt I to Virginia owe.

Chorus. Haste! generous youth, Virginia save!

[Alambra jumps into a Boat with two Negroes, and shoves off.]

Tropic. Unhappy lovers all is vain!
See, breathless he is cast on shore!

[The Boat returns to Shore, with Paul fainting, and apparently breathless.]

Officer. Yet shall a spark of hope remain,
Virginia may be ours once more!
While sinking in the foaming wave,
Alambra, generous as brave,
Rescu'd the fav'rite of the skies!
To shore he brings his lovely prize!

[Alambra brings Virginia on Shore. Paul recovers by degrees, and after embracing each other, they fall on their knees, and stretch their arms to Heaven in token of gratitude.]

Chorus. From the cruel waves,
Fate, the fair Virginia saves!

[Paul and Virginia come forward, and receive the congratulations of all present.]

FINALE.—Paul, Virginia, Mary, Jacintha, &c.

Strains of joy
We'll now employ,
And dance a mirthful measure;
From above,
Fate smiles on love,
Of life, the choicest treasure.
Fal, la, la.
Let's dance a mirthful measure.

Alam. Sing away,
In strains so gay,
The praise of love and beauty;
Like Dominique,
No praise I seek,
I only did my duty.

Chorus. Strains of joy, &c.

THE END.

